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a sound more stunning than thunder. Lightnings leaped; fire flashed; the earth rocked; the sky whirled round; I stumbled, my gun pitched forward, I fell on my knees. I knew no more. When consciousness returned, the rain was falling, the shells were screeching and tearing the ground and bounding from the earth. Hill, Meritt, Read were lying near me gasping. My head was bleeding, my battalion was 300 yards away and fighting. Youth's dream was realized; *I was wounded and not dead!* I rose, trudged along towards the hospital, almost whistling with delight, at the thought that the next mail would bear the glorious news to the old folks at home.

"At the third advance, Cabell, at whose side I had so long marched, fell dead, and by his side Crockett and Jones. They were awfully mangled. A blanket would have covered the three. McDowell, a mere child, sank with a bullet through his heart. Atwell, Jefferson, Wheelwright expired on the green sward. Shriver and Ship fell wounded. Stanard's limbs were torn off, and he lay bleeding. We conquered. At night no sound broke the Sabbath calm (?) save one gun pounding away at a bridge. The town was filled with soldiers laughing and carousing as if it were a feast or a holiday. I went out into the wheatfield, I found one body lying upon its face, stiff and stark, with outstretched arms, his hands had clutched and torn great tufts of soil and grass; his lips retracted; his teeth locked; his face hard as flint; his eyes staring, bloodshot. It was, indeed, hard to recognize Cabell, who, but a few hours before, had stood first in his class as a scholar, second, as a soldier, and the peer of any boy who ever lived in every part of physical and moral manliness.

"A little removed from Cabell and nearer the enemy lay McDowell. *It was a sight to wring one's heart.* That little boy was more fit for the cradle than the grave. He was barely sixteen and not robust. He lay in death clutching back his jacket and shirt, exposing a fair breast with its red wound. He was from North Carolina, Stanard, playmate, roommate, friend, was yet warm, but dead! One week before he had kneeled at the chancel and was 'confirmed.' I loved him as a brother, and the tears would flow. The next day we buried the poor boys with the honors of war, bowed with grief at a victory so dearly bought. We were still young at the ghastly sport, but we proved apt scholars. We were greeted as heroes. The dead and the poor fellows still tossing on cots with fear and delirium, were almost forgotten in the orations at Harrisonburg, Stanton and Charlottesville, forgotten by the selfish comrades, whose fame their blood had bought. We were ordered to Richmond: our sadness disappeared. A week later the Cadet corps, garlanded, cheered by 10,000 throats, intoxicated with unstinted praise, wheeled proudly beneath the shadow of the Washington Monument at Richmond, to receive a stand of colors from the Governor."

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It is a fresh treatment of a sad old theme. Let none of our readers fail to read the above vivid portraiture of a boys' battle, by Henry A. Wise, which we were sorry to be compelled to condense.

First. Note the youth of the soldiers.

Secondly. Their enthusiastic desire for fighting.

Thirdly. Their home and school education in militarism.

Fourthly. Their mad excitement on the field.

Fifthly. The way they died.

Sixthly. The support that religion gave them.

Seventhly. The hardening effects of horrible butcheries followed by fulsome flatteries.

Eighthly. Study war in the light of these facts, regardless of its causes, its objects or its glories, and answer the question, "Is it a thing Christians should teach their children?"

AN APPEAL ADDRESSED TO EVERY LOCAL W. C. T. U. AND TO EACH MEMBER THEREOF.

BY MRS. H. J. BAILEY, NAT'L SUPT. OF THE DEPT. OF
PEACE AND ARBITRATION, WINTHROP CENTRE, MAINE.

Dear Sisters—Let us remember that we are the children of peace! Our religion breathes peace! The first gospel proclaimed when a Saviour was given to the world was the gospel of peace! "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men."

It has been very grievous and painful to me, and to many of our co-workers in the W. C. T. U. ranks, to see such a disposition manifested as we discover in the various articles of criticism which have lately been published in many different papers, and extensively circulated,—one member of our grand organization finding fault with this or that word or action of another, or with the body at large and its leaders, until, in some places, a strong party-spirit has been engendered that has led to discontent and even separation or disbandment, which is to be deplored. Dear sisters, rather let us cultivate a spirit of love and forbearance toward each other, mingled with large charity, realizing that none of us are perfect in judgment and that the grace entrusted to us is held but in earthen vessels which, without the utmost care and watchfulness on our part, are liable to be broken and our precious treasure lost. Let us each place ourselves in the hands of the Great Potter and ask Him to keep us soft and pliable in order that he may fashion us according to his good pleasure and make of us honorable vessels for his own use in accordance with his will.

The W. C. T. U. has, in all the years since its organization, been doing a grand work for Humanity, for God, Home and Native Land. May we not slacken our diligence nor "be weary in well doing" for "in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

George Washington said of our Union of States, "United we stand, divided we fall." These words are no less applicable to us as an organization reaching out its philanthropic arms to every part of our vast country, than they were to those to whom they were first spoken.

Probably not one of our great sisterhood would be willing consciously to assume the awful responsibility of any "part or lot" in "stirring up strife" or of hindering, in the least, the prosecution of our peaceful but persistent and aggressive warfare against the saloon and all other forms of vice and crime which our great organization is laboring to suppress. But let us each ask her own heart the question, Am I filled with that love which "suffereth long and is kind, is not puffed up; thinketh no evil, speaketh no evil"? Do I sufficiently respect the rights of others in ALL THINGS as I would have them respect my rights? In fact, do I, in all my words and actions, both private and public, observe the "golden rule" of my Saviour, doing to others as I would have them do to me? Even if we feel that we have been wronged or our rights not sufficiently respected, it

is better to bear and forbear than to publish our grievances to the world and thus give our enemies a chance to exult over our backsliding (as an organization) and to call the good we have done, evil, while further work is hindered, to their great satisfaction and our discomfiture.

"Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

Let us, precious sisters and co-workers for the upbuilding of a government founded in righteousness, "whose God is the Lord,"—let us enter upon the new year "with malice toward none, with charity for all" and reconsecrate ourselves to the work of saving this sin-cursed earth of ours. "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted?"

"Follow the things which make for peace." Let us have peace in our hearts, in our homes, in our organization, in our nation,—everywhere.

"O brother man! fold to thy breast thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude."

"And we beseech you," sisters, "to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake. And be at peace among yourselves. Be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

ZACHARIAH CROUCH.

BY F. E. WHIPPLE.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE FOUNDER OF THE MYSTIC PEACE MEETINGS.

On the morning of December 24th last Zachariah Crouch was called from this world to the other life. He was born in Ledyard near the homestead where he died. Soon after he became 21 years of age he engaged in the manufacture of sieves, and carried on this business extensively for some time. Finally, combining with this the manufacture of hinges, he employed a large number of workmen, until he retired from active business to his farm. Here he was one of the first to engage extensively in raising strawberries for market, and had planted large orchards of fruit trees.

In all his business relations, in dealing with parties in all parts of the country, he never engaged in a lawsuit, believing this method to be wrong, and had been fully as successful in collecting what was due him as those who have resorted to this forcible means of securing justice. At one time he lost a shipment of hinges on account of refusing to take oath or affirmation to the police that the goods were his, but believed it better to sacrifice his property than to ignore the promptings of his conscience, which voiced the sentiment of that Scriptural passage, "Swear not at all."

From youth he was a firm believer in radical peace

principles, and devoted much of his life to the work of reform. He also lived a life of practical non-resistance, taking the definition of the term as meaning to overcome evil with good, and he even refused to exercise the right of suffrage or hold any office wherein any instance the taking of life would be involved.

His ancestors were a set of people called Rogerine Quakers, which sprang up near New London, about 200 years ago, and who in their early history were persecuted for their religious principles.

Meetings advocating peace and arbitration had been held by the society for many years, but Mr. Crouch having faith in the final adoption of these ideas by the civilized world hoped to hasten the time by holding peace conventions, and twenty years ago the first grove peace meeting was held at Mystic. This was attended by only a few people and was addressed by his daughter, Julia Crouch Culver, President A. H. Love, of the Universal Peace Union, Jonathan Whipple, Timothy Whipple and other pioneers of the peace cause. From this humble beginning the meetings grew, till now thousands annually attend, and their influence for good is becoming more apparent every year. Mr. Crouch contributed of his time and funds to their success from year to year, and never lost faith in the good work.

He firmly believed that the Christian religion is founded on peace and good will, and it teaches us to suffer rather than to inflict wrong. He was an anti-slavery advocate before the abolition movement, and helped fugitive slaves on their way through Connecticut to Canada. At one time he had his harness cut, dangerous obstructions placed in his path and his property destroyed while taking part in an abolition meeting. From early youth he was opposed to the use of intoxicating beverages, and helped in the temperance movement where there were but few to work in its interest. He was always opposed to the use of tobacco, believing it to be a filthy and expensive habit and a stepping stone to intemperance.

He believed in the sacred influence and power of prayer, but thought we should take warning from the precepts of Christ on this subject, and exercise the greatest caution that prayer shall not be made simply a form and ceremony, but shall be offered in spirit and truth. He did not believe that under the Christian dispensation one period of time is more sacred or holy than another, but that it is well to have one day set apart for religious meetings and rest.

At the time of his death he was 79 years of age. He had been confined to his bed since last April, and was a patient sufferer from throat and lung troubles combined with dropsy. In his declining years he had the satisfaction of knowing that in all his life he only favored those movements which have been in the interest of humanity.

Froude: You cannot dream yourself into character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Matthew Henry: No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

Colton: Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but *live* it.

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes His children never.